SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS.

CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS OF THE GREAT ROMANCER.

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Two volumes. Pp. xviii, 445; xvi, 442. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Scott had a touch of that false pride which Voltaire censured in Congreve. It comes out early in this collection of letters that passed between him and intimate friends, and there was just enough of it to make him argue somewhat hotly against it. An instance of this is shown in a letter written in 1802 to his early friend, Anna Seward, of Lichfield, who was a literary authority in her way, and a writer of very long letters. "Since I had the pleasure of hearing from you," wrote Scott, "I have disposed of the property of the 'Border Minstrelsy' for £500; and I only mention this circumstance that you may hold me acquitted of the vile vanity of wishing to hold myself forth as one despising to reap any profit from his literary pursuits, which I should hold to be ineffable conceit and folly in a man much richer than myself. The mode of publishing by subscription is one which in itself can carry nothing degrading." One can imagine from such passages as this that he only came gradually to contentment with his relations to the public. He never did get over a little note of deprecation, something like that which superstitious persons use to avert the evil eye or some anticipated misfortune. The most marked instance of this pretentious humility was not displayed, however, upon occasion of any literary work, but in allusion to the woman whom he was about to marry. The remark occurs in a letter to Patrick Murray, then a captain in the Perthshire Cavalry, a son of Lord Elibank. "I am to be married to-morrow," wrote Scott, "or next day, at the farthest. Of this, my intended deed of desperation, you should not have remained so long ignorant had I known how to address you. You may, perhaps, have remarked Miss C(arpenter) at a Carlisle ball, but more likely not, as her figure is not very frappant. A smart-looking little girl, with dark brown hair, would probably be her portrait if drawn by an indifferent hand. But I, you may believe, should make a piece of work of my sketch as little like the original as Hercules to me." Really one would think he might have said as much as was said by Lady Scott's contemporaries, speaking of her as a girl: "Without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions; 'a form that was fashioned as light as a fay's'; a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes large, deep set and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown, and a profusion of silken tresses, black as a raven's wing; her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society and a certain natural archness and gayety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent." The frigid way in which he wrote of his betrothed may be an indication that the future Wizard of the North took himself very seriously in youth. Certainly his bride knew how to rebuke his solemnity. Only a short while before his marriage he wrote her a letter in which he alluded to a certain burial place. "It is one of the most beautiful and romantic scenes you ever saw, among the ruins of an old abbey. When I die, Charlotte, you must cause my bones to be laid there; but we shall have many happy days before that, I hope." This funereal sentiment appealed, not to Miss Carpenter's romantic feelings, but to her sense of humor. "What an idea of yours," replied she, "was that to mention where you wish to have your bones laid! If you were married I should think you were tired of me. A very pretty compliment before marriage! I hope sincerely I shall not live to see that day. If you always have those cheerful thoughts, how very pleasant and gay you must be! Take care of yourself, if you love me, as I have no 'wish' that you should 'visit' that 'beautiful' and 'romantic' scene, the burying-place."

Scott hated slow and laborious composition and remarked humorously that he reminded himself of a drunken man who could run long after he could not walk. Speaking, in 1812, in a letter to Joanna Baillie, of the poem "Rokeby," upon which he was then at work, he said: "As for 'Rokeby,' I am now working at it in my old Cossack manner, after destroying a whole canto, in which I attempted refinement and elegance." Again, alluding to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he wrote to Miss Seward: "As for poetry, it is very little labor to me; indeed, 'twere pity if my life should I spend much time on the light and loose sort of poetry which alone I can pretend to write. Were all the time I wasted upon the 'Lay' put together—for it was laid aside at long intervals—I am sure it would not exceed six weeks. The last canto was written in three forenoons, when I was lying in quarters with our yeomanry." His subsequent achievements in prose show the rapidity with which he worked, but one must always remember that the fashion of the period was to pretend that elaborate poems, novels and romances had been completed within a few days. One thing is certain. Scott's poetry reads with as much rapidity as if it had been an improvisation. It was only in the matter of editorial business that he boasted of labor and research and time consumed, and it is just here that later writers find him to have been too hasty, and too ready to depend on his memory. The passage just quoted respecting his poetry was only a pendant to this bit of boasting: "For two years past I have been occasionally laboring on a complete edition of Dryden's Works, which have never been collected. The illustration of the poetical and historical passages has cost me much labor.

"From my research the boldest spiders fled,
And moths retreating trembled as I read."

He endeavored also to meet even harsh criticism with a smiling face. His "Marmion" rather pleased his own fancy. To Lady Abercorn he wrote in 1808: "I have finished 'Marmion,' and your Ladyship will do me the honor, I hope, to accept a copy very soon. In the sixth and last canto I have succeeded better than I had ventured to hope, for I had a battle to fight, and I dread hard blows almost as much in poetry as in common life." And to Surtees he wrote: "When you have read over 'Marmion,' which has more individuality of character than the 'Lay,' although it wants a sort of tenderness which the personage of the old minstrel gave to my first-born romance, you will be a better judge whether I should undertake a work which will depend less on incident and description than on the power of distinguishing and marking the dramatic personae." The reply of Surtees reassured him, for he wrote: "I am very glad you like 'Marmion'; it has need of some friends, for Jeffrey showed me yesterday a very sharp review of it—I think as tight a one as he has written since Southey's 'Madoc.' As I don't believe the world ever furnished a critic and an author who were more absolutely poco curanti about their craft, we dined together and had a hearty laugh at the revisal of the flagellation." One would hardly think it, but that criticism was really the beginning of a long estrangement. Scott had always good-naturedly defended Jeffrey. To Miss Seward he wrote in 1806:

I think, were you to know my little friend Jeffrey, you would perhaps have some mercy on his criticisms; not but he often makes his best friends lose patience by that love of severity which drives justice into tyranny, but, in fact, I have often wondered that a man who loves and admires poetry so much as he does can permit himself the severe, or sometimes unjust, strictures which he fulminates even against the authors whom he most approves of, and whose works actually afford him most delight. But what shall we say? Many good-natured country Tories (myself, for example) take great pleasure in coursing and fishing, without any impeachment to their amiabilities, and probably Jeffrey feels the same instinctive passion for hunting down the bards of the day. In common life the lion lies down with the kid; for not to mention his friendship for me, now of some standing, he had the magnanimty (absolutely approaching to chivalrous reliance upon the faith of a foe) to trust himself to Southey's guidance in a boat on Windermere, when it would have cost the poet nothing but a wet jacket to have overset the critic and swum triumphantly to shore; and this the very day the review of 'Madoc' was published.

It will be observed that Jeffrey is here credited with a love and admiration for poetry. Two years later, with the cutting up of "Marmion" still fresh in his memory, Scott wrote to Joanna Baillie:

I hasten to tell you that I never entertained for a second a notion so very strange as to dedicate any poem to my friend Jeffrey, nor can I conceive how so absurd and causeless a rumor should have arisen. . . . I have great personal regard for him, and high estimation of his talents. I have seldom known a man with equal readiness of ideas, or power of expressing them. But I had no reason to be so very much gratified by his review of "Marmion" as to propitiate him by a dedication of any work of mine. I have no fault to find with his expressing his sentiments frankly and fairly upon the poem, yet I think he might, without derogation to his impartiality, have couched them in language rather more civil to a personal friend, and I believe he would have thought twice before he had given himself that air of superiority in a case where I had any chance of defending myself. Besides, I really have often told him that I think he wants the taste for poetry which is essentially necessary to enjoy, and of course to criticise, it with justice. He is learned with the most learned in its canons and laws, skilled in its modulation, and an excellent judge of the justice of the sentiments which it conveys, but he wants that enthusiastic feeling which, like sunshine upon a landscape, lights up every beauty, and palliates, if it cannot hide, every defect. To offer a poem of imagination to a man whose whole life and study has been to acquire a stoical indifference toward enthusiasm of every kind, would be the last, as it would surely be the silliest, action of my life. This is really my opinion of Jeffrey, not formed yesterday, nor upon any coldness between us, for there has been none. He has been possessed of it these several years, and it certainly never made the least difference betwen us; but I neither owe him, nor have the least inclination to offer him, such a mark of regard as the dedication of any work, past, present, or to come.

Two years more and Scott's "Lady of the Lake" was out, and Jeffrey's review was ready to be published. Again the little critic did as he had done before with Scott—and with Southey, too, for that matter. He submitted his article for the poet's approval or disapproval. But whereas in the case of "Marmion" the two men read the criticism together and dined in apparent harmony, now Jeffrey felt obliged to write to Scott and to inclose proofsheets of his article on the "Lady of the Lake." He evidently did this with some reluctance, "having," as he said, "told the truth, according to my oath of office." But he went on to make amends as fully as he could for the past:

I am now sensible that there were needless asperities in my review of "Marmion," and from the hurry in which I have been forced to write I dare say there may be some here also. I have bungled your poetical characters, too, by beginning my sketch on a scale too large for my canvas, and the mere unskilfulness of the execution, I fear, has given it something the air of caricature. But I think you have generosity enough to construe me rightly in stating all these things, and to believe me when I say that I am sincerely proud both of your genius and your glory, and that I value your friendship more highly than most either of my literary or political opinions. And now, presuming that this article will break no squares between us, I have two favors to ask—one, that you would, if possible, dine here on Tuesday, to meet Allison, Playfair, and two American ladies, who are very much your admirers; and the other, that you would dine here again on Thursday with Jack Murray and two friends of Sydney Smith, who are just returned from the Highlands.

The mystery in which the authorship of the novels was shrouded is shown throughout the letters in these volumes from the time they began to appear. In frequent letters to Lady Abercorn, Scott showed his desire that she should understand his relation to the books which excited the wonder of the public. But his language, as well as that of her replies, is such that it could not have been clearly understood by contemporaries. One would almost think that Scott had formed the plan of a prose romance and had confided it to Lady Abercorn long before he abandoned the poetic field. In one of his letters to her in 1806 he wrote: "I have a grand work in contemplation, but so distant, so distant, that the distance between Edinburgh and Stanmore is nothing to it. This is a Highland romance of Love, Magic and War, founded upon the manners of our mountaineers, with my stories about whom your Ladyship was so much interested." Another friend who was allowed to divine the secret was Lady Louisa Stuart, and her numerous letters are filled with admiring criticism, a bright mirror of the fancies awakened in the minds of people in those days by the works of the "Great Unknown." The friend whom Scott trusted from the outset in the matter was Robert Morritt, of Rokeby, whom he seems to have met for the first time in 1808. Of him the poet wrote to Lady Abercorn: "He is a great friend of Mr. Payne Knight, deep in Grecian lore, of course, which led him some years ago to visit the very ground where Troy stood." When "The Bridal of Triermain" appeared Scott and Morritt laid careful plans to have it reviewed. That was in 1813, and Scott wrote cautiously to Lady Abercorn: "Jeffrey lauds it highly, I am informed, and is one day to throw it at my head." But later he wrote somewhat mournfully to Morritt: "I fear our match has missed fire, and Triermain' will not be reviewed"; and Morritt replied: "I feared for the success of your scheme of 'Triermain,' from all I heard in London. There was a strong suspicion of the author, and some of those who knew you best were not to be deceived." Thus it went, not only with the first book, but with all the rest; and yet Scott did manage to keep his countenance over the matter, and people never were quite sure until they were told.

Another topic which gradually gains ascendancy in these volumes is the growth of Abbotsford. From the day of the first purchase almost every step in the progress of Scott's plan for founding a family with title and wealth is alluded to. It is when he turns to this theme that the great romancer really indulges his fancy to his own delight. A chart of the property, given in the second volume, shows how anxiously he studied every detail of his estate. It was the joy, and yet the fatal burden of his life. The first volume of the collection of friendly letters has for frontispiece a portrait taken from the bust by Chantry. Those who love Scott will not find their affection diminished by the private and often confidential writing here disclosed.

WHERE MACAULAY WAS BORN.

From The Illustrated London News.

About six miles north of the town of Leicester, half way to Loughborough, and in the Quorndon neighborhood, is the village of Rothley, with the old manor house called Rothley Temple, from the remains of a chapel, with a crypt, built in the thirteenth century by the Knights Templar, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who established a preceptory there. At the beginning of this nineteenth century the owner of the estate was Mr. Thomas Babington, the descendant of an old family of English country gentry noted in the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign for their attachment to the Catholic Church and for an unfortunate share in the plots to assist the partisans of Mary Stuart. The name of Babington, we believe, is now extinct, but the lineage is represented, through descent on the maternal side, by the heirs of Vice-Chancellor Sir James Parker.

The Rothley Temple mansion, with its pleasure-grounds and park, extending over three hundred acres, was sold a few days ago, being offered by Messrs. Hampton & Sons, auctioneers, in public sale at Leicester, and purchased afterward by private contract. It is a house which, besides the charms of an agreeable rural residence and the flavor of romantic antiquity, has interesting associations with modern literary biography; for here, on St. Crispin's Day, October 25, 1800, the anniversary of the battle of Agincourt, Thomas Babington Macaulay, one of the best of English historians, scholars and prose writers, one of the truest of Liberal politicians, one of the most estimable men of the generation now passing away, happened to be born "in a room," as Sir George Trevelyan says, "pannelled from ceiling to floor, like every corner of the ancient mansion, with oak almost black with age, and looking eastward across the park, and southward through an ivy-shaded window into a little garden."

The child's mother, who had been Selina Mills, daughter of a highly respected Quaker bookseller at Bristol, and a pupil of the girls' school there established by Miss Hannah More, was married to Zachary Macaulay, secretary to the Sierra Leone Company, of London, who then dwelt in a small house at Lambeth. His sister, Jean Macaulay, had become Mrs. Thomas Babington, of Rothley Temple, and invited Mrs. Zachary Macaulay to sojourn at that place during her expected child-birth; and so it came to pass. The future great author and honored peer of the realm, Lord Macaulay, was baptized in the private chapel of the mansion by his uncle, the Rev. Aulay Macaulay, and received the names "Thomas Babington" from his sponsors.

GREEK POETRY.

PROFESSOR JEBB'S NEW VOLUME.

THE GROWTH AND INFLUENCE OF CLASSICAL GREEK POETRY. Lectures Delivered in 1892 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By R. C. Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. Pp. xiii, 257. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There are two bits of description in Greek literature which seem in themselves to summarize the contrast between the beginning and the end of Hellenic civilization. One of these scenes belongs to the Odyssey, and is laid in the bright Phaeacian fairyland. Odysseus, cast on the coast of that land and by good fortune a guest of the King, witnesses the games of the young noblemen, and is finally invited to take part in the contests. He pretends unwillingness, and it is only when he is charged with being a wandering merchant or supercargo, such a one as would never seem like a champion, that he yields. Then he puts the heavy stone far beyond all the marks that had been made by the others in the game, and at once challenges everybody on the field, except his host, to a trial of strength and skill in any contest except a footrace. He boasts that he can handle the bow better than any man living and that he can throw a spear further than other men can shoot an arrow. The crowd, having had a taste of his prowess, hears his challenge in blank silence, and King Alcinous softens his defiant mood with pleasant words. The thing to be observed is that the athletic strength and skill of Odysseus are devoted to matters that belong within the range of his daily life. There has been as yet no separation between men strong merely for the sake of their strength and the ordinary man. Athletic contests have still all the idyllic freshness of rustic life. The other scene is in the "Alcestis" of Euripides. Hercules, on his way to seize the flesh-eating horses of Diomedes, halts for entertainment at the palace of Admetus. Unaware of Alcestis's death, he proceeds to make merry in the hall of his royal host. But he is no idyllic character. With his mauled ears and his huge fists and his voracious appetite and his clamorous laughter, he is the very picture of a prize-fighter. The Greek world as seen through the eyes of Euripides has been utterly freed from illusions. The ponderous champion is seen just as he is, and people have long since begun to wonder why they worshipped him so long. For he had been during a long period esteemed as only less than a god. The games in which he figured were religious in their purport, and in a religion which was without a hierarchy and almost without a priesthood, supreme excellence in any respect seemed an approach to the gods. "There is nothing in modern life," says Professor Jebb, "that can properly be compared with a victory at Olympia." Then he goes on to say that "the glory of the modern race-winner or athlete is brief; it lives in the memory of a few, but not with the public. The Olympian victor, however, was a distinguished man from that moment to the end of his days. He had shed lustre on his native city, and was sure of such honors as it could bestow. His name was recorded at Olympia. Go where he might throughout Hellas, the title which he had won sufficed to procure him more than respectful welcome." And on this certainty of a respectful welcome Hercules—a thinly disguised counterpart of the brute that Euripides and his contemporaries saw in the strutting, drunken, quarrelsome athletic champion of their own day—brutally counted, even in a house where he saw the signs of mourning. The strong man of the old time was courteous and kind-hearted. He loved minstrelsy and the telling of wondrous tales and the eloquent words of the poet. But in the end he was replaced by one who cared only for brawls and drinking bouts.

It is along the way between these extremes that Professor Jebb leads his readers in the delightful chapters of this volume. Morally the passage from Homer to Euripides seems to be downward; but it is not so certain that the case was the same from a literary point of view. Perhaps one could be more definite in this matter if he were sure of the relation in which the Homeric poems stood to the civilization in the midst of which they arose. Professor Jebb certainly gives the impression that the relation was one of cause rather than result. He seems to imply that Homer created, for example, the Olympian cult by joining together scattered forms of worship and varied religious ideals. Of course, it is possible to put too mechanical an interpretation upon Professor Jebb's words, for he does concede something to that age-long tradition, which must always be sought back of all the faiths crystallized in a literature. "There was," he says, "a prehistoric chaos of local cults, in which a host of tribal gods and goddesses competed for each other's prerogatives, with the result that few of such deities possessed a truly distinctive character. The early mythologies had abounded in savage and repulsive traits, such as the story of Chronos swallowing his children. Out of all this confusion and debasement the artistic mind of the Hellenes, as seen in Homer, has brought forth the clear and living types of the Olympian god-head, Zeus, Hera, Apollo, Athena and the rest." That it was the artistic Hellenic mind which worked out a mythology so different from that of the remaining antique world is plain; but is the limitation, "as seen in Homer," indispensable? Professor Jebb's opinion as to the origin of the Homeric poems is that they are not the work of one man. The nucleus, he holds, may be as old as the eleventh century before Christ, and must have been composed by an Achaean poet of Thessaly before the primitive Hellenes were displaced. The Achaean emigrants carried it to Ionia. It was adopted, revised and enlarged by successive Ionian poets. So, too, the earliest part of the Odyssey was composed in Greece proper, carried to Ionia by those who fled before the Dorian invaders. In the light of this view of the poems, surely the Olympic pantheon would have been artificial, instead of living and natural, if it had owed its existence solely to this succession of poets.

It is possible, great as the contrast is between the notions of life held by Homer and Euripides, the two poets whom Professor Jebb places, the one at the beginning, the other almost at the end of his study, that they are alike in both belonging to the times which were to be, rather than to their own period. Thus, Professor Jebb says: "It may be urged on behalf of Euripides that, without some such changes as he introduced, tragedy could no longer hope to please. The altered circumstances of the time demanded the concession. This may be granted, at least for the time immediately after his; but it is only another way of saying that Attic tragedy had reached the term of its existence, as Ionian epos had done at an earlier date. A great poet, in whom the artistic sense was more purely Hellenic than it was in Euripides, would have refrained from attempting a compromise." To say that Euripides was less of a Hellene than his predecessors is to say that he was a Hellenist, that with him begins the period when Greek wisdom, though dominant, was no longer unmixed with the lore of other races. It is true, the seeds of things that were to grow only in mediaeval and modern life were planted by Euripides. He had the romance and the realism of far later times. He would see men and events just as they were, though it killed art and destroyed himself. Lonely, bitter, yet tender and eloquent, a "sensationalist," and yet a philosopher, a recluse, and yet aware of every movement of his times, Euripides was reckoned with the antique world, but belonged to that which was to come. What Professor Jebb says of the Greeks who followed Euripides is profoundly interesting because it puts such emphasis on this estimate of the last great Greek tragic writer.

Sanguine and hopeful as the Homeric poesy is, it must be viewed as standing also between a world that was and one that was to be. Otherwise, how can one harmonize its almost childish simplicity with its perfection of art? It may "belong to an age that, in respect of conscious thought, is related to our own as childhood to maturity"; but it "bears no traces of the primitive stage in literature." Professor Jebb contrasts the Hellenic spirit with that of priest-ridden Egypt and the robber kingdom of Assyria, as well as with Sanscrit genius. But all this fails to clear up the mystery of Greek life with its sudden emergence into the full light of its own culture. If we could but find the last chapters of this miraculous history! The unity of Hellenic literature as it grew up between the ages of Homer and Euripides is another thing which points backward with provoking stubbornness to the times of which we can obtain only glimmering knowledge. "It has been said," remarks Professor Jebb, "that the man of genius sometimes is such in virtue of combining the temperament distinctive of his nation with some gift of his own which is foreign to that temperament; as in Shakespeare the basis is English, and the individual gift a flexibility of spirit which is not normally English. But we cannot apply this remark to the greatest of ancient Greek writers. They present certainly a wide range of individual differences. Yet so distinctive and so potent is the Hellenic nature that if any two of such writers be compared, however wide the individual differences may be—as between Aristophanes and Plato, or Pindar and Demosthenes—such individual differences are less significant than those common characteristics of the Hellenic mind, which separate both the men compared from all who are not Hellenes." As he studies the problem he can think only of the geography of Greece as accounting for the Greek excellence, and we all know how inadequate geography is in such a case. "There is no clew to these secrets of Nature's alchemy."

A TYPICAL NEW-ENGLANDER.

PRESIDENT PORTER OF YALE.

NOAH PORTER: A MEMORIAL BY FRIENDS. Edited by George S. Merriam; with portraits. 8vo, pp. 306. New-York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893.

From the recollections and contributions of many friends the compiler of this volume has constructed a memorial which vividly recalls the spiritual lineaments of Dr. Noah Porter, and traces with sufficient fulness for the purpose the outlines of his laborious and distinguished career, and the influences from within and without which inspired his activities. The time may not have come for an adequate biography of Dr. Porter, but one of the results of this publication, if not one of its purposes, is to suggest the exceeding value and interest which would belong to such a work if it were executed with corresponding knowledge and skill. The materials must be abundant and accessible, and at no distant date the task ought to be undertaken. The type of man which it would set forth is growing scarce, for the state of society in which that type was moulded, and of which it was the authentic embodiment, has ceased to exist anywhere in the world. The New-England community of half a century ago, of which the Church was the conscience; conventional, self-centred, resolute; embellished only by the relics and reminiscences of the Colonial era; acquisitive of new ideas, but reluctant to apply them; rigid on the surface, but fluent below it; too homogeneous to develop the finest results of mental friction, yet fundamentally sagacious and intelligent from inheritance and by virtue of the faculty of honest thinking which isolation engenders in minds of the right fibre—that community is dead and its seed is scattered. It is profoundly true, as Mr. Lowell said, that New-England has not been left out in the cold, but sits by every fireside in the land where there are virtue, valor and free thought; but it sometimes is easier to recognize her elsewhere than on her own soil. The spirit is visible in dilution everywhere, but the material organism which it once filled has vanished.

Of such stock Noah Porter was born, and amid such surroundings and influences he grew to maturity; but upon his character were engrafted, while he was still in early manhood, successive growths of diversified experience. This process of accretion continued throughout his life, yet it never obliterated the original type. The acquisitions remained to a certain extent extraneous. The record of his career is a record of astonishing industry and of steady advancement. He took the four-years' course at Yale, taught in a New-Haven school for two years, rejoined the college as tutor and divinity student, was the pastor of one New-England parish for more than six years and of another for more than three, was recalled to Yale as professor of moral philosophy and metaphysics, spent a winter of philosophical research and communion in Berlin, resumed his college chair, studied deeply, read voluminously, wrote much, corresponded with eminent men, assumed the additional obligations of a theological professorship, saw all there was of academic life, and gradually grew to be a large part of it. He succeeded to the presidency of Yale, directed its progress, taught its senior classes, bore its financial, administrative and intellectual burdens on his mind and heart, became the editor of a great dictionary "based on Webster's foundation," and the final judge of every question which that vast and complex task involved, and during all this period, as the author, defender and expounder of a great philosophical system, satisfied every demand which the acceptance of that responsibility could make upon a vigilant conscience. Not the least remarkable fact in Dr. Porter's career was his ability to perform all these labors without neglecting any of them, and with tranquil enjoyment of them all. It is extremely interesting, moreover, to note that the genius of this New-England metaphysician for abstract speculation did not exclude the exercise of wordly wisdom. "He took excellent care of his property. He was thrifty, a good manager and wise investor, and commanded the respect of business men in their own field." "He was a type of the late flowering of the old New-England stock. The roots of that stock were fidelity to the highest known law and trust in a divine guidance; and its twofold stem was a firm grip on the material world, side by side with a searching inquiry into the unseen."

Of Dr. Porter's philosophy and of his system of morals two competent judges contribute to the volume before us discriminating estimates. In this brief notice it is not possible to follow them. It is as a teacher of youth and president of an old and famous college that his memory is most widely cherished. In both relations he gained the affectionate regard of his associates and of the young men brought under his authority and influence. The editor of this memorial volume, and some of his contributors, speak with gratitude of the inspiration which they derived from his instruction of advanced students, where he was able to assume a superior state of knowledge in those before him, and felt quite free of restraint. In the academic classroom we do not think that he uniformly produced the impression of a great teacher. If he possessed in a high degree the rare faculty of imparting knowledge, it was not generally disclosed to undergraduates. He was never hampered by inability to command the attention of his classes, for nobody ever felt an inclination to embarrass or irritate him; but he did not usually communicate to his pupils an ardor for the task he set them. Perhaps he made the task too easy. In theory he was conservative of rigid discipline, but in practice it pained him to be severe. No teacher ever appeared more unwilling to convict a pupil of ignorance. In fact, he would not permit an utter failure if leading questions could avert it. We doubt if the profoundest ignorance of "The Human Intellect" ever seemed to the author of that monumental work a sufficient reason for withholding a degree from a Yale senior. The compiler recalls a perfect illustration of the way in which Dr. Porter interpreted his own convictions. "I engaged him," says Mr. Merriam, "in a private conversation upon a subject which pressed upon my own mind—that of endless punishment as the penalty of earthly sin. Among other things I put a series of individual cases: 'Suppose a man born so and so, circumstanced so and so, acting thus and thus—how can it be just that he should be subjected to everlasting punishment?' As to each case I was promptly met: 'Such a man would doubtless not incur the penalty.' In short, he maintained that there was everlasting punishment, while he allowed exemption so wide that almost every one would escape. It suggests to me now his own system of college discipline—a rigid code with a very mild enforcement."

This was Dr. Porter's system, not only in the classroom but in the executive office. If he could have followed his personal inclinations, the terrors of the law would have been almost altogether in the text; but when he felt the necessity of sustaining his colleagues in the faculty in specific cases of discipline he did not desert them, though he may have often faltered. He certainly had great rewards for his loving kindness. He was able to say as he was retiring from the presidency: "No young man has ever treated me with disrespect." Whether Dr. Porter was an ideal college president, or, more exactly, whether he was an ideal president of Yale, was a question which was often discussed during the later years of his incumbency. Of course it was never settled, for there were as many ideals as disputants. It is enough to say that during the period when the college was expanding with extraordinary rapidity into a university—not by revolution, but by symmetrical development—he was the head of it in reality as indisputably as in name, and that to him more than to any other individual is due the fact for which every graduate is now grateful, that Yale never for a moment lost her identity under the pressure and contention of the time.

We cannot linger over this modest memorial of a beneficent life. It was well deserved and is well deserving.

LITERARY NOTES.

When Mr. Howells says concerning his youthful reading that the first authors of his heart were Goldsmith, Cervantes and Irving, he provides a strong argument for those who contend that children should read only a few books and the best books. These lovers of literature say in support of their position that these few strong works of genius, being read and reread, help to form the character, to discipline and enrich the intellect, and to refine and enlarge the vocabulary. Against the omnivorous reading of the modern flood of children's books, they argue that it weakens the mind by introducing a mass of superficial and merely amusing stuff which awakens no original thinking—develops no intellectual powers, in fact—and harms the character in so far as it cultivates the yearning too prevalent among young people to "be amused," to "have a good time" and to shirk daily duties.

One thing is certain, no matter how opinions on this matter may vary—the reading of only the best literature in childhood does give an excellent literary style which it is difficult to acquire in any other way. Then it becomes a part of the fibre of the man's brain and not a thing of study.

The biography of the great Marlborough which Lord Wolseley is writing is making progress, but no date has yet been fixed for its appearance.

A number of the unpublished letters of S. T. Coleridge will appear in the pages of "The Atlantic" during the coming year.

The new Hazlitt book, which is just coming from the press in London, will contain a reprint from the original MSS. of the "Liber Amoris," hitherto garbled; letters from Hazlitt to Patmore, and the diary kept in Scotland by Mrs. William Hazlitt while the divorce proceedings of 1822 were going on.

It is not certain whether the intimate letters to Mr. P. G. Patmore, concerning the love affair which formed the subject of the "Liber Amoris," will be included in this book. The originals were sold at auction in London the other day, the sale calling forth from Coventry Patmore, the son of Hazlitt's friend, a letter of protest addressed to a newspaper. He expressed the regret that when the correspondence was inherited by him he had not burned it, and so destroyed forever the "unpleasant secret of Hazlitt's mental and moral disease."

Instead, says Mr. Patmore, he forwarded the letters to the late Mr. Registrar Hazlitt in order that he, as Hazlitt's son, might have the satisfaction of removing evidence calculated to be so damaging to his father's fame. Mr. Registrar Hazlitt apparently thought differently. So does Mr. Carew Hazlitt, the vendor; for, although agreeing that "the ground for the suppression of certain passages is obvious," and although to part with the manuscripts "does great and sincere violence to his feelings," yet he is willing to hand them over to the stranger who bids highest for them.

In Mr. Coventry Patmore's communication to "The London Times" he says severely: "I presume that, as my father's representative, I could, if I chose, stop the publication of these letters, by injunction; but I feel that there would be some absurdity in my assumption of a tenderer care for Hazlitt's fame than that which is shown by his nearest relatives."

The Editor of "The Century," writing concerning "the unknown author's chance," says something which will not please that supposed-to-be-abused person: "Looking back over all the years of 'The Century,' I sometimes think that the editors have wasted too much time and energy, have expended too much sympathy, in trying to fan feeble flames of talent. It is a question whether this method cannot be overdone. It interferes with the opportunities of strong and original genius, scatters the attention of the public, and creates false hopes in many bosoms."

"When something is very difficult to understand," said the distinguished professor of biology, "it is called science; when it is impossible it is called philosophy."

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is said to be at work upon a long novel, her industry having been interrupted of late by serious illness.

There are some interesting letters in the current "Atlantic" which were addressed to Thoreau years ago by his clever English friend, Thomas Cholmondeley. One of them contains this suggestive passage apropos of Thoreau's hermit life: "You ought to have society. A college, a conventual life is for you. You should be the member of some society not yet formed. You want it greatly, and without this you will be liable to moulder away as you get older. Forgive my English plainness of speech. Your love for, and intimate acquaintance with, Nature is ancillary to some affection which you have not yet discovered.

"The great Kant never dined alone. Once, when there was a danger of the empty dinner table, he sent his valet out, bidding him catch the first man he could find and bring him in! So necessary was the tonic, the effervescing cup of conversation, to his deeper labors. Laughter, chatter, politics, and even the prose of ordinary talk is better than nothing. Are there no clubs in Boston? The lonely man is a diseased man, I greatly fear. See how carefully Mr. Emerson avoids it; and yet, who dwells, in all essentials, more religiously free than he? Now, I would have you one of a well-knit society or guild, from which rays of thought and activity might emanate, and penetrate every corner of your country. By such a course you would not lose Nature. But supposing that reasons, of which I can know nothing, determine you to remain in 'quasi' retirement; still, let not this retirement be too lonely. Take up every man as you take up a leaf, and look attentively at him."

Robert Louis Stevenson has been writing a reflective, half-melancholy poem, "To My Old Familiars," the old familiars being his kinsfolk and friends in the windy, rainy town of Edinburgh. As the flame of life begins to wane the thought of the old home comes back—

Yet when the lamp from my expiring eyes
Shall dwindle and recede, the voice of love
Fall insignificant on my closing ears,
What sound shall come but the old cry of the wind
In our inclement city?

An essay on "The Function of the Poet," which was found among the papers of James Russell Lowell, will be published for the first time in the January "Century."

Professor Huxley is writing for the forthcoming "Life and Letters of Sir Richard Owen," the chapters dealing with the scientific work of the great palaeontologist.

The last of the Sherlock Holmes stories appears in the current number of "McClure's Magazine." Therein Dr. Conan Doyle kills off his hero with dramatic detail, and in company with a criminal as marvellous in his criminality as Holmes is in his detective powers.

Strange to say, the intellectual methods of Dr. Doyle's hero are on the way to become practically useful. A presiding justice in Natal was heard, not long ago, to advise the police in the courtroom to study the art of detection in the Sherlock Holmes stories.

Senator Dawes has written for "The Century" a paper on "The Garfield-Conkling-Blaine Controversy."

EAST AFRICA.

INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT EXPLORATIONS.

SUESS'S LAKE THEORY COMMENDED—THE ASCENT OF MOUNT KENIA—PLENTY OF ELEPHANTS.

One of the most important achievements of the last year in scientific exploration was that of Dr. J. W. Gregory, of the British Museum, in East Africa, who has just returned home after a year's absence. The expedition was organized originally merely for hunting purposes. Then, seeing that it would afford fine opportunities for scientific observation, its scope was enlarged, and the Museum trustees granted Dr. Gregory leave to accompany it. The other members of the party were Lieutenant Villiers, Sir Henry Tichborne, Captain Harris and Lieutenant Bennett Stanford. They set out on November 4 of last year.

Apart from general exploration work, Dr. Gregory, who is a geological expert, was especially interested in investigating the theory put forward some time ago by Professor Suess, of Vienna. This theory is that the East African lakes, which form a chain extending through some thirty-two degrees of latitude, from Lake Tana in Abyssinia to Lake Ngami in Khama's country, are the result of one connected earth movement reaching from the head of the Jordan Valley, along the Red Sea, almost to the Cape of Good Hope. Dr. Gregory was desirous of examining the geological structure of the country about Lake Rudolf and the lakes connected with it at the north and south, to see if it confirmed this theory. The results of his observations indicate, in his opinion, that Suess was right, and he declares himself now to be a believer in his theory.

The travellers intended to make their start at Kismayu, but eventually began at Lamu, with the idea of proceeding up the Tana valley. Then suddenly the party disbanded. Dr. Gregory went on to form an advanced camp at 'Ngatana. Lieutenant Villiers went off to join Sir Gerald Portal in his march to Uganda, and the others decided to return to London. Dr. Gregory was thus left alone, but he pluckily resolved to go on, though he had never before been in Africa, nor gone on any such venture anywhere. He went back to Mombasa, hired forty Zanzibar natives, and set out for the great East African "valley of subsidence." He entered this valley south of Lake Naivaisha, and went to the northwest as far as Lake Baringo. He wanted to go on to Lake Rudolf, but the natives were hostile, so he went across the great plateau of Likipia to the Kikuyu country. Then he went to Mount Kenia, where he spent a fortnight, crossed the upper waters of the Tana, making various detours for purposes of exploration, and returned to Mombasa.

Aside from his investigation of Suess's theory of the lakes, his exploration of Mount Kenia was the most interesting feature of the expedition. That splendid peak had only been visited twice before, and had not been ascended beyond a height of 14,000 feet, the point reached by Count Teleki. Dr. Gregory, all alone, climbed some 3,000 feet higher. "There," he says, "I was stopped by a snow-covered cornice. At one side there was a series of very deep crevasses, and the other side was obviously swept by avalanches from the cornice. I was, of course, alone, and although I made several attempts to reach the summit it was impossible to get any further. The glaciers there have certainly at one time been much more extended than they are now. Some explorers were of opinion that the summit of Kenia was a crater full of snow, but I found that the top consisted of the central core of a greatly denuded old volcano, of which the crater has long since disappeared." He discovered on Kenia a number of plants found on Mount Kilima Njaro at the same elevation, which he thinks must have been carried across from one mountain to the other in the cold period.

He got along with his Zanzibaris very well, except on the mountain. The temperature up there was at times 28 degrees below zero, and of course the natives were unable to endure it. He had to leave them in camps on the mountain side, and go on toward the summit all alone. Even then they suffered much from "mountain sickness" and hemorrhage of the lungs, not to mention frost bites and chilblains. "I should," he says, "have liked to reach the summit of the great mountain, but I should have learned nothing more by doing so. I could not even have determined its altitude, as I had been obliged to leave my instruments on some rocks in the glacier. As I had to carry a rope, a bundle of wooden pegs, on which to fix the rope, food, etc., my load was rather heavy. I tried again next day on the west arete, but was stopped by some vertical cliffs. I hoped to work round to the north side and try from there, but I was recalled to look after my men. I was told at the coast that I ought not to start with less than seventy men, that numbers of them would die and desert and so on, but I did not have a single deserter. They were all Zanzibaris, and they behaved splendidly. The Zanzibaris have a number of habits, and these you must respect, but if you treat them as they ought to be treated, there will be no difficulty. My men often had each a load of from 15 to 120 pounds, and carried it from six in the morning till six at night, with only an hour's rest in the middle of the day, without a grumble. Being a small expedition, we were all armed, and at night we slept in shelter tents. Every night, however, I got up several times to see that the sentries were on duty and that the fires were all right."

With the natives of the countries he explored he did not have so pleasant experiences. "The Masai," he says, "are a very troublesome tribe, and interfered considerably with my progress. They consider the Likipia plateau their sacred ground, but I managed as a rule to dodge them. I had the misfortune, however, to meet with 9,000 of their warriors at Lake Naivaisha, and some of the head men told me that I must not go through their country. I saw, however, that they were attempting to bully me, and I bullied back, and I went on to Lake Baringo without interference." The country near the coast is fertile, and he thinks plantations there ought to pay. But inland for about 200 miles the traveller is going over barren, sandy steppes. "In many places there is very little water, and we suffered a good deal in consequence. The difficulty we experienced in getting food in one district was, I believe, due to the fact that Dr. Peters was the only European who had been over the same ground before, and he had simply taken by force what supplies he wanted. The country of the Kikuyu is extraordinarily fertile and densely populated. Much of the low land is left barren, because the Masai are continually raiding there. All the cultivation is done on the hills." As for the wild beasts, Dr. Gregory reports that he found a few lions. Elephants were numerous, and he could only get through the jungles around Mount Kenia by keeping in their tracks. The statements current regarding the threatened extinction of the African elephant, are, he thinks, unfounded. Certainly the great creatures are plentiful enough in the region he visited. He journeyed in all about 1,080 miles, in five and a half months, and brought back a ton or more specimens, which will be placed in the British Museum.

BIG VEGETABLES FROM GREELEY.

WHEN SOME THINGS OUT THERE GET TO GROWING THEY FORGET TO STOP.

"I brought these potatoes from the town founded by Horace Greeley," he said, as he entered the office of the newspaper founded by Horace Greeley. There were only two potatoes, but they filled the basket in which they had been carried to this city by George W. Gale, engineer, from Greeley, Weld County, Col. One of them weighed two pounds and ten ounces and the other was a trifle lighter. Either looked large enough to make a meal for an average family.

"They are samples of what can be grown in the soil of Colorado since the irrigation preached by Mr. Greeley has changed that part of the country from a barren waste to a bountiful garden," Mr. Gale said. "I don't mean that all of the potatoes grown out there are of the size of these, but some of them are much larger. As I left home in a hurry, these were the biggest I could find. They are of the Rural New-Yorker variety, but the Early Rose and other varieties grow to the same size. One acre of ground will produce 250 bushels of potatoes or of wheat in one season. A farmer who has a farm of 160 acres sold his crops for $11,000 last year. Greeley now is a city of 3,000 inhabitants, and contains large storehouses and elevators for farm produce. It is a sight worth seeing when the farmers come into the city with their six-horse teams and wagons loaded with produce. There seems to be thousands of them in the streets, and the load on each wagon is enormous."

"Do all vegetables grow large in that part of the country?" inquired a reporter.

"Not all of them. Pumpkins, for instance, grow no larger than in the East. We can beat the world in growing cabbages, however. I saw one head of cabbage that weighed 64 pounds. It was so big that it filled a cart, and the leaves hung down over the wheels. Pie-plant stalks are longer than I am."

Mr. Gale is over six feet in height. The memory of Mr. Greeley was held in reverence in the city named after him, Mr. Gale said, and a large square in the city had been set apart as the site for a monument on which a statue of the great editor will be erected. The city is near the Cachelepoudre River, from which water is drawn to irrigate the farms. Wells are used also for irrigation.

"When Mr. Greeley first saw the site of our city," said Mr. Gale, "it was a sandy waste, with here and there a cactus. That was twenty-three years ago. He went with the first colony, and they were obliged to ride in stages three miles from the nearest railway station. When some of the men saw what a desolate-looking spot they had been taken to they turned back at once, and left the place for good and all. Mr. Greeley mounted a box on the sand and made a speech to those who remained, telling them what might be accomplished by irrigation. Those who listened to his advice and stayed in Greeley have become rich men. It isn't at all surprising that the people out there believe that Mr. Greeley was one of the best and wisest men that ever drew breath."